

SiúlTURAS

Walkabout

BRÍAN MAC ÁON INHÉIRŠTE

Ṫámsɔil Neamásais na hErend

Kerry Light

A darkened corner of my soul
Drew breath and energy from life
A living corpse was all I felt
Stuck in single sorrow

Then slowly from my deepest heart
There rose a single thought anew
A gladdening from within myself
A love I shared with you

Who has this voice within
Why does the feeling flow
When love surrounds us all the time
And darkened embers grow

Come down to me you said
Take up your pack and walk
Come down and listen to your heart
Let's pray and see the light

So off I travelled on my way
A nervous faltering step
Shackles carried on my back
Did gradually loosen free

A top a mountain in the mist
I dreamed of knowledge lost
The great tradition I came to view
CÚ RÍ, CÚ RÍ, to you

A place of magic in my mind
Where light does shine within my soul
The energy that you gave to me
Fills all the world with splendour

The time it takes to see the light
The time it takes to love
The time to wander through my youth
With messages from above

I thank you Dad for your last words
I thank you for your time
I thank you for the memories
The darkened well to climb

And now returned I feel refreshed

My soul with light anew
 A single thought was all it took
 A grumbling rumbling love

I love, I love, the whole wide world
 My heart is breaking free
 But most important was the thought
 'I really do love me'

A Spiritual Warrior

A top the mountain of my soul
I gaze with troubling face
A vast and beautiful kingdom
Dissolving modern pace

Slow down, slow down, and come within
You are a hero to the world
We fought great battles on this hill
Echoes rumbling still

Just sing your song and lift your heart
A symbol of great joy
Remember once the tidings
Of a gladdened innocent boy

These mountains you did leave a time
To wander in the world
But now your back with many tales
Sorrowful

I'll wash the grace within your space
And clean your heart anew
So you can lead the human race
To warrior's kingdom true

Kingdom Come

There is a light which lights my soul
A shadow cast by Heaven's glow
Darkened times exposed a place
Where secret joys do flourish

Forgotten for a time of life
No nourishing prayers do flow
But when the road seems endless
I step aside to pray

A simple prayer is all I need
A sweet memory of the boy
Who wandered long in to this life
Looking for Heaven

And now I know that Heaven's light
Can shine again in me
And help me to realise a dream
To live this life a-free

To lead the prisoners from the cave
To give them knowledge to be brave
To hold with grace and joy enslave
And show the way to Heaven's knave

So if your lost do not give up
The time of light has come
The twinkling forest of the night
Will soon reveal a sight

A kingdom crowned with all of truth
Full knowledge all of life
A universal dream being made by man
This time, to God's plan

For we are God's most precious child
Creators of Heaven in the wild
From nothing we can sprout a tree
To grow the fruit to make us free

The time is ripe for such a thing
A kingdom of knowledge to forge a ring
Invincible life to one and all
Beautiful fruits this time will fall

So know that Eden's not a tale
But coming soon to you
And Heaven's not a future place
But our destiny, our human face

Making Camp

N'eer thirty years had passed in time
I wandered to this place
Good food for all us passers by
A kindly human face

The school is out but still there is
Great knowledge of the past
With stories from the hill above
It's time to break the fast

For Kerry talk is different
With questions always asked
Where 'r you from, who are you
You settle in to chat

The nature of our being
Does hunger for this life
A country way not lost
A beacon in the strife

Five days I stayed within the grasp
Of my own spiritual home
And wandered high in to the hills
Remembering, I was not alone

For Mum and Dad had met down there
And so began my life
And beauty flourished in my heart
This mountain did it's trick

Two nights of joy I spent up there
Peeling back the years
Fighting through the misty night
Exposing personal tears

For weeping is a way to joy
Once practised not too much
Don't stay up here too long this time
Move on to find the boy

For he still wanders in these hills
His light comes shining through
So then I left with spirits high
And took a lasting view

I will return again some time
And do the deed I planned
Bring healing from this hero's place
And teach to make a stand

T'was here that I began to feel
The courage now to say
That I'm the warrior king
Returned to let you pray

Away, away, I've been so long
Full tired, yet I feel so strong
I thank the people that I met
Kerry welcomes living yet

Píobaire an Dáda

Do éanas ann le fonn
 Ceoil
 D'éisteas leat
 Táis á shí
 Beáct is brí
 Draoi

Ollamh is ea tú
 Sáoct á spréas im croí
 Draoi

Fuair eas treoir uait
 Beádh níos mó
 Ceoil is draoi
 Seinnt na síde

for Eoin Duignan

Fear Sholuinne

Istíḡ i tíḡ na Cúirte
A buaileas leat
Páidriḡ mac Páidí mac Páat an tÁiliúr
Leḃ béas id éróí
Ba breá liom suí
An ceist a cuir tú orm
Caint dúcas eadrainn
Scéaltaí sonraí
Aḡas im éróí
Suí

Tachyon Thinking

We think faster than the speed of light
The solidity of nature is but a flight
A fancy made in the mind of man
Not according to Your plan

Within the dream we can awake
A whole new world for us to make
Beyond equations of solid time
Our senses expose a beauty sublime

So delve within and find the truth
The riches of the world to loot
Not taking all, but giving all
This palor of ignorance soon will fall

Computing beyond this realm of life
Occam's razor cuts like a knife
When all is said and done
Blindness be gone

Loch a Dúin

Up o'er the hill from Kilmore cross
I travel to your story
The stream does make a gushing sound
My heart with memories abound
'Twas long in years, with many tears
Since I did pass this way
But now I'm back, with a heavy sack
And days with you to pray

Sídeiríocht m'Ádair

ṪAR ceoil aḡ sruṪ a cúas aḡḡ
Istíḡ i cṛoí m'Ádair
Áit aḡ scéal is deiríní
A scrí sé roimḡ a d'éas

ṪAR liom a dúirt sé lena a béal
ṪAR liom is éist dom scéal
ṪAR liom istíḡ i uaimḡ do cṛoí
Is éist liom glór a shí

ṪRÍ lá im aḡḡar bíos aḡḡ
ṪRÍ lá le suí is fonn
ṪRÍ lá a cuimḡneamḡ ar aḡ fear
A bí mar dia dom domáin

Knowledge Lake

Around a lake deep in my heart
Just like a saint I wander
A naked man twelve hours of sun
Glory to God of nature
A way to pray come back to me
My heart is lifting in this place
Wonder fills my face

Then down across the bridge I go
Tis time to travel on
Continue with my pilgrimage
To a source of love I know

My heart is bursting with a joy
Not known since being a boy
I'm on my way, my merry way
Just simply walk and pray

My sack it was not great at all
It ripped and out my gear did fall
For God's sake, time to take a break
And leave this ancient knowledge lake

Back in to where I spent my youth
A town that's lost and become uncouth
What folly did the planners do
Killing the commercial heart of Tralee

No matter, we will build a life
Designed with knowledge
Lost and found
Deep in the heart of Kerry

Winter Milk

With eyes of wonder, looking down
A horse clops softly through the snow
A brown trap laden
A man with a ladle
Fresh milk does smoothly flow

Wide eyed with wonder
My young eyes record
A memory
A time when life was simple
Silent flakes flowing
From the sky

Now, all of this seems lost
As I sit here in the Square
I ponder
The cost of progress
The loss of simplicity

Perhaps nothing has changed
Just my aged perception
Makes it so

The children I see dancing
Around Tralee
Play uncomplicated games
Bubbling with life
Rich with the energy
Of nature's
Most bountiful flow

Flower Girls

Petals grow for you to throw
And proclaim the virgin Queen
Innocence displayed in white
Our lives not yet entwined

Rose petals are a special favourite
Beware of thorns
But that's your choice
Everything in life gives us two

Her son was crowned with thorns
A cruel joke
Yoked like an ox
He carried the cross for us

Let us once again pursue
A path of pure knowledge
Love the earth
And create Heaven

Teacht an Rí

Ar brúac na habhainn
Cois droichead an leamhain
Do fuair eas loistín don óige
I seomra an-breá
Le feiscint an-deá
'S leaba bog corp dom a luí

Amac dom cun béille
Cur tús leis an féille
I mbialann séipéil a bíos
Ansan don an tairbhe
Caint dúchais san báirne
Á ligint isteach na síde

Rí draoí a bíos
Le daoine san fíos
Tabaicht is stair ár dtír
Ón iséal a bíodar
Sealgaireac go sodar
A ceiliurad Rí Sadair an Sliab

Ansan le dea-focail
Coshaíos dom oscail
An scéal faoi carað m'achar
A brian an ea sin tú
'S cuimhín liom, fiú
Níor aicníz mé lán le dod féasós

Sin tús don cruinniú
Na daoine á bailiú
Arð Rí is é réid é a teacht
Beic foigne le linn
An blian seo aghainn
Tiochaid do ceiliurad mílaoise

Women's Touch

Ladies light the way of life
A soft smile quickens my heart
I feel alive again under your gaze
The shy boy returned
In the body of a man

But you give me courage
To heal my soul
To dream a wonder into existence
To bring forth true reality

I thank you all for your gaze
I thank you
For being such beautiful creatures
For lifting my heart from sleep

Deep in my heart I know
The time has come to bend
My will to true power
And serve all
Honour all
Love all

for Maria

Tears for a Hero

A drop flows gently from my eye
My heart sunders at his memory
The days we spent digging for lug
Casting far into the deep ocean
Great days of joy long gone now
Our family camped at the back of Rossbeigh
All lost now in this prison Ireland
Rule upon rule thought up by plodders
No dream will be born on this beach
No fruit of silent nights to fuel the imagination
What are we doing to our beautiful island
What are we doing to our beautiful people
Enclosing public space with tangled threads of EU law
Release us from this maw
You give me the courage to stand
And straddle the crack which brings such desolation
The fallacy of democracy which never existed
Except like now for a select and wealthy few
The blinkers of politics robs us of our sight
The chance to truly see and be completely free
The tear runs down my face with joy

Τίρ ηα ηός

Síde şaoiċ, síde şaoiċ a teacċ dom campa
A luí ar cúl an trá
A feiċeam leis an laċair ám
Mo şaisce é tosú

Dúċríocċ, dúċríocċ a spreasad
I anam úr ár dtír
'S ceoil ó neamh a cloisint
Le şáire in ár şcroí

Tánn ciúin i lár an şaoiċe
Mar treoir dúinn tá le teacċ
Aċrú mór ár saol
'S maireacċ é şan baol

Beic foişin cun é le teacċ
Tá muid ar aon le céille
Spraoí ár şcroí şo suaintisí
'S leaba in a luí

High Hill in Wales

Climbing high upon a ridge
I gaze down from aloft
Fear grips my heart at the narrowing sight
The great mountain looms ahead
Ice covered falls gush from atop
Cramponed ice picks bring us in
To the world of winter
Fear dissolves with joy
High up in this fort of snow
A railroad to the top
For gentler folk
Crossing Crib Goch is a challenge
To remember

Ar Taobh an Bealaí

Ar bealaí dom ón baile
 Tá Ríde nua ceapaithe acu
 Buailéas isteach i tiús an sionnaí
 Sreim le níche d'fáil
 Amac ón doras a súis mé
 Cuairteoirí a bailiú cuimhniú
 Fear an-fear dúcaí
 Cuir caint orm
 Siob seab Saolúinne béarla
 Faoi saol
 Beirt ar a bealaí féin
 Teacht le céille le claidereil
 Ráidriú ó leadaí
 A ainm
 Fear laidir cheasta
 le suí in a croí

Wherein Lies the Truth

These words are but a poor reflection of intended thoughts
Teasing a meaning spread in time
Continuous phonemes in a line
Linear thinking destroys comprehension
Intended actions never occur in sequence
Meaning grows in the soul from silent impulses
Waves of bliss bubbling to greater expression
Singing the joys of Heaven
Till all resolved we settle again to dream

The King of Freedom

Dreaming deep within his soul
The king rises to his role
To capture from those grimy hands
A beautiful people and beautiful lands
To return again a sense of power
That too much babbling has since turned sour
And lead his people to a better place
With bright eyes shining and smiling face
The dark clouds still have their play
But herald a lighting of the day
The time is nigh
You're ready now to greet me
And together we'll be free

A Good Start

A line, a line, I give to thee
To lift my spirit and fill my soul
You give me impulses in my heart
A bubbling reality

This sense of joy is dear to me
Clarity returns
The veil drops from my eye
My head turns towards truth

The search is over now for me
A long road was my way
Now to teach from deep within
And bring to light your beauty

Calming the Storm

The salmon leaps upon the shore
Giving life to your great love
The players gather in the mist
A storm is brewing, the ship does list
A man of magic calls his girl
And dreams of memory do outward swirl
Then nature's spirit prances forth
A plot is hatched to brek the court
We've led in to a brilliant mind
Compassion of the finest kind
The last great dream of England's bard
A living memory that life's not hard
Emotions gushing on the isle
Bring tears of joy to those that smile
The sea is calmed, the storm has gone
It's time for us to travel on
This journey through our life we make
Meeting friends for Heaven's sake
All trials are but a blessing
A gift to bring forth Your indulgence

for St. John's Mill Theatre Company
in memory of their wonderful performance of
The Tempest at BallyKissane Pier

An bótar naomhac

buaileas mo campa ar maidean álainn
 ar cúl an trá Ros Béisce
 Isteac ansin don tíg aisteoirí
 Dom dán a scríos aicrí
 D'éis cupán tae 's cainte an lae
 D'inis doib mo rann
 Ansan caidreil 's buíochas
 D'éirigh mé orm treo
 A luiḡ so trom mo aonaras
 A smaoineamh arn comluadar
 An tabaíct a beic mar dream
 A breá a beic an craic
 Amac ó Tíḡ an Áis
 B'i bailiú daoine an
 Fear a déanamh rocháioct
 Tar imeall clár ár dtír
 Isteac i scothrá eile
 Siob seab faoi cuile den saol
 Fear eile ar an bealach
 An bealach marm féin
 D'fhanas an ar feadh
 As éist is insint scéal
 As déanamh carad nua
 le Ciarán Corcaíoc ón ḡrá
 A scairt linn ón ar scéille
 Cuas teas ar bótar na sléibhe
 Isteac so gleann na Béisce
 A cuimneamh ar na daoine
 A buaileas leo deanaí
 Anois cé bfuil mé aon
 Táim cinnte de anois
 Tá Dream na hDúchoilreácta bailiú
 D'ár tógra é tosú

A Prayer to Mother Goddess

Oh! Danu my love the queen of my dreams
Your body does follow the flow of the land
Your form is so gentle it captures my soul
And keeps me in Heaven wherever I am

Right now by this lake I'm safe in your arms
With cliffs all about and mist rolling down
The view is of Heaven and Earth both combined
So gentle your grace brings tears to mine eyes

I pray for our people
To learn that they own their own destiny
To learn that they own total knowledge
To learn that they own the right to peace and freedom
To learn that they own the right to true happiness

I pray to thee most illustrious goddess
I pray to thee for the strength to lead
I pray to thee for the knowledge to heal
I pray to thee for my love to grow
To encompass all

Healing Chant

Misty morning and the mountains reverberate
With the cry of a raven
A man emerges from his tent
And begins to chant
His intentions reflect and rebound
A thousand thousand times
Echoing back to the progenitors of his tongue
His clan remembers and are glad
And lift his soul
Then quietly he packs up his tent
Satisfied that the healing will come

Soul Work

To be loved is true
To love yourself is your due
Difficult at times to attain
Because of that stain
We all carry within

Cleaning out the soul
Is a worthy role
A job which takes time
Sometimes innocence to mime
If not attained then pretend

Fool the habit of judgement
Until bliss is Heaven sent
Then it becomes deeply felt
And all sorrows slowly melt
The soul rises in joy

A Call to Change

Egypt in flames and no one cares
Government has become the enemy of their own people
Peckish rogues in polished suites
Rule from above
Looking down they chant and frown
Democracy is dead
People are bled
For profit, by global disorganisers
Divide and conquer, cut out their heart
We're safe with our peckish words
It all started in the laboratory of Ireland's conflict
Let Us take the responsibility to change
And bring peace to the whole world

Looping Journeys

A familiar face stands outside a shop
From Clahane to Killarney our paths diverged
Ken visited DÚn Aengus on Aran
I tripped to the Blaskets
Island folk now
Quick words
Then off again
Looping through life

Knowledge Revolution

Within, within, within a faltering world
Conflict bubbles and boils
Contradicting tendencies expressed
The old guard have the power
Traditional means to suppress
Evolution now called revolution
But I sense a change of phase
Consciousness is awakening and spreading it's wings
Sing the praise of s new world
A world of individual sovereignty
A world where shackled domination
Is replaced by the harmony of pure knowledge

A Fool's Day

Atop the mountain on the reek
The grey place was our ascent
Led by a warrior full of local lore
We stayed a little while to survey
From Ireland's highest point
Stories to tell of the invasion
Lines to recite, Amerigin's invocation
Dual language, the old and the new
Then down the ladder back to hell

Dreaming in Heaven

Clarity lives in a dream
Lucidity in the stream of consciousness
Which flows from below
The inner impulse of our soul
Pulsing with knowledge
Vibrating within itself, the joy of Heaven
For we are already in paradise
Although at times it may not feel so
Just new unexpected territory to explore
Uncertainty is always a challenge
But opens the way for our dreams

lÁ Δοναc ηειδίν

ḅailcisi á díol ar taobh na sráide
Capaill, siciní is beicí
Caidréil i measc na ndaoine
Ceoil, caint, crais is baisteac
ḅaisteac trom Ciarraide ceas
Ar ais arís is aiceantais curca orm
I tíg tabairne shelaic
Tíg Ó Maicuna
Is doibinn é beic i measc
Daoine dúcasac, shan árd shan íseal
Caint faoi feasós feasa na síde

After the Fair

Morning light suffuses multicoloured houses
The fair day is done but people still linger
To chat, to banter, maybe even to barter
Their few belongings
Most have moved on, but I loiter
Another day. a wash day
The weather has cleared, thank God
Yesterday, fair day was a sod
Typical Irish Summer

The talk is about the weather
Foreign accents suppress our natural acceptance
Of life in Kenmare

Gold Foretold

Spreading the light is my role now
Enlivening the spirit of our people
To know, that
Although dark clouds loom
They are tinged with the gold
Of a fresh dawn

Not all can see this gold
Not all believe in this dawn
Preferring to linger in darkness
But for many, a great many
Their vision is clearing
And look forward to
The golden light

ṢROÍ NA SÍDE

Isctiṣ im ḱROÍ τÁ solAS
lAisIR coille teo
A ṡÁIRE is A ṢROÍ liom
SÁSTA A ḡeiċ beo

Siṇ TORAD é dom TURAS
Siṇ TORAD é dom TÓIR
Siṇ TORAD é dom siúileoid
Siṇ TORAD é dom SAOL

Aṇois Aṡ iomPAR uALAĆ
É TROM AĆ mé le neART
Ćuile ARṇ beALAĆ
CosÁṇ NAOMÁ dom

τÁim Aṇois A ḡul ċun cuimṇeAM
Is A IASCAIREAĆT ARÍS
AR loĆ NA mḐREACA ḐeARṢ
Aṇ loĆ le RÍDE NA SÍDE

Iomanaíocht an bÉara

ċáinig mé isteach inné
Fear siúil le mala mór
‘S fuairis loistín iontach ann
Tíghín ar taobh an bochar
Le béille maic is cúpla deoch
Cuir Mícheál aiceantach orm
Fear óh dúiche tosaigh mé
Scéaltaí ó dtráiglí

ċíos ansan go tíghín eile
A éist le iad a sheinnt
Ceoil óh dúchas is ceoil ear sáile
Ba samh iad a éist
Caint le Séamus tuas an choic
Duine de clann an bÉara
Beartaigh mé fanaic anso
Óiche eile scíth
Cun feadaint ar an cluiche
Is breá liom iomanaí

Heaven Sent Falls

Tumbling through a furrowed channel
Sound gushes with ease
A thousand thousand years perhaps
Heard lately by man

The water falls from on a height
Bubbling blisfully
To be it must be such a delight
Continuously changing
Continuously the same
Continuously echoing the
rythms of it's eternal nature

We can deip ourselves in that stream
And dream with it's eternity
And so procure a little bit of Heaven

Trees of Knowledge

The trees surround us with great care
They speak to us within
A message from a distant place
A fluttering heartbeat of love

They echo nature's bounteous gift
God's most wonderous charm
Even in this modern world
They fill us with great joy

Their knowledge of this world they store
For walkers passing through
A sense of peace and harmony
They give to us for free

So get on down the Beara way
And walk a while with us
The peace within you it will grow
Nature's eternal touch

Be Brave my King

Don't create any barriers
My soul whispers to me
As I near my journey's end
I yearn yet to be free

Old habits bond within
And strangle my creation
The desire to lift the crippling yoke
That hampers our great nation

The time is right I say to me
To lead the warrior's way
Have courage in the acts you do
And leadership display

A whole new world awakes in me
Full knowledge's royal road
Our kingdom we can make again
To lead to Heaven's abode

Just talk and let the people hear
The plans you have in store
The time is nigh to celebrate
Ireland's battle love

Up near the royal enclosure
The people talked of you
The man who had the knowledge
Our culture to renew

You heard the powerful echo
Of that most ancient voice
The time is fast approaching
To act, you have no choice

Fear is just a feeling
Designed to make you care
With skill you act from knowledge true
Consequences beyond compare

So rise my king and do your job
Lead your people out
From darkness to the creamy top
Just have a pint of stout

For that's the way in Ireland
We like to have the craic
Let's take the civil servants
And give them all the sack

Magic Light

A wondrous light, an ancient light
It is my dream for thee
Pure light enfolding pure knowledge
Driven by pure energy

On Dunmore head you lit the fire
Your oblation it was heard
It lifted all our spirits
And consciousness it was stirred

To act with truth and beauty
To give them knowledge pure
To grow with such certainty
That Heaven we'll ensure

For knowledge is the key to life
It helps withstand the strife
The entropy that's part of me
Designed to make you see

The laws of nature are benign
They love you all the time
But your perception needs a light
A wondrous brilliant white

So go within and find the source
The source of all you know
Then you will feel extraordinary
With a magical inner glow

Warrior Queen

I dream of thee, I long to see
You as your made by God
Your eyes they sparkle with a smile
My hear you do beguile
With beautiful poise you serve a pint
And light a hidden flame
Such beauty you do carry
With elegance and grace
A confidence I see in thee
A warrior of our race

The Blue Loo

Sitting down to do a bit
Of business on my own
To write a little in my book
With seeds of knowledge sown

I came upon a little spot
A pleasure to behold
A jacks into a pool so blue
NAMA would pursue

Then out the door I went again
Mackrel fished from out the fen
A chat with swallows in my mind
'Tis great to be of human kind

Roman Queen

The light shines in your eyes
 A light of Roman knowledge
 A simple thing that you bring
 A Ciara you are my friend
 A feeling grows between us
 Respect for our domain
 A warrior queen again I meet
 And so happy to greet

Heaven Again

Yesterday I was convinced I was in Heaven
Clare hurling past Limerick to an all Ireland final
A few pints and chats
An easy flow
Friendship from the heart
Easily made
A drunken wasp skittering on the floor
Washing away my Beamish
Oh! how simple life can be

Today the last leg of my journey
Up the Coomahola to
Loch na mBreac Dearg
To fish a little
To pray a little
To be in Heaven again

Healing Our Country

The warriors gather in the glen
An ancient sound resounds
They chant with rhythm some healing lines
Invincibility abounds

Out from their midst there comes a man
Hereditary leader of his clan
A proclamation there is made
Echoes whisper in the glade

Full knowledge of this life he gives
With hope and joy this day he starts
Healing souls in all the land
Integrating all our parts

Εἰς Coisc na bFían

Ṣo deimín istíṣ i anam slán
Tá foinse feasa beo
Áit a bfuil an teolas
Coṣad é a cosc

le sin a cruú 'seo 'nois
ba breá liom cuiread a éabairt
Do laochraí dúcasáí ár dtír
Tar liom istíṣ na síde

Tar liom ṣo dtí an áit ciúin
Tar liom a déanaim míúin
Ansan beid muid in an an tóir
bloscad síocáin cóir

SuaS an mBótar Ard

IstiS arís i mBarr an Sleanh
A siúil tAr an Abann
A caint e daoine ó na háite
A cuimneam iad a báite

Mo cROI, mo cROI a bfuil comh saor
le eitilt éan na spéir
Mo uallac a bí comh trom
Anois a eirí lom

le cupán tae ón sean a sgoil
Cuir fuinneam i mo cos
D'eiríos arís don bótar ard
tAr barr Com a tOla

Mountain Memory

Again the mountains call my name
 It echoes round the hills
 And in the darkness of the night
 A faint sound forms
 I climb out from my bag to go
 And listen to it more
 When low behold the sky lights up
 With full moon's brightening glow
 The darkened clouds are giving way
 A single star shines through
 The white mare pees out from it's lair
 And gladdens my peaceful heart
 Then pay respect to her I do
 And she thanks me with a smile
 Then back in to my tent
 I go and sleep the whole night through
 From early morn a new day born
 A fairy mist comes o'er the hill
 And pours from up on high
 Then out there peeps a little sun
 Promising a fair day
 And down I sit to meditate
 A thing that's nearly done
 'Tis forty years since I first came
 To this place with my Dad
 And twenty since I last did come
 Full up of vedic knowledge
 Now as I start to live again
 And see the way for sure
 I'm glad to come back
 Once again
 And think of thoughts so pure
 For mountains are a healing place
 They fill me all with grace
 The greatest church that I do love
 Sun beams brightening from above
 Then off to fish I do prepare
 And catch a little trout
 You're a keeper I say to him
 And cast a look about
 This is the place that we did meet
 A fierce and violent storm
 A memory of our last geat trip
 A memory of the end of youth

Leaving the Past Behind

You have a very powerfull memory
A man said once to me
My former professor from Galway
He knew me when I was younger
Such a memory can be voracious
It can eat you up
Gobble up your emotions
Continuously sap your physical, mental
and spiritual energy
Meditation helps to resolve it
To integrate the past in to the present
And thus prepare a way for
A brighter future

The Road to Freedom

Now down again from Heaven's glen
I ponder what I've done
The miles I've walked in to my mind
The searching in my heart
The joy at finding the innocent boy
So he can play his part
He's lived it all for fifty years
Storing knowledge between his ears
And now at last the time has come
To share his view at least with some
There are those who know the score
This country's rotten to the core
Politicians play a game
But for who's in power it's all the same
Mouthpieces for civil administrators
Is all they are right now
Suckling on a national sow
Pigs eat their young
Just as the state devours it's own people
'Tis time to stand against this
But using knowledge we can't miss
So if your brave and strong like me
Follow my road and we'll be free

for the Warriors

To Accept a Challenge

Now I face a personal challenge
To believe in myself
To have no fear
To lead with certainty
 in these uncertain times
To know that from which
 all knowledge flows
To open up the garden
 of my mind
To remind us all of
 beauty
The beauty of truth
The beauty of freedom
The beauty of a life
 lived in harmony with nature

CROÍ LÁR NA SÍDE

I SCROÍ LÁR NA SLÉIBTE
 I SCROÍ LÁR CIARRAÍDE
 I SCROÍ LÁR NA SLÉIBTE
 ĆUAS ANH LE SUÍ
 I SCROÍ LÁR NA SLÉIBTE
 ĆANAS ANH MAR RÍDE
 I SCROÍ LÁR NA SLÉIBTE
 ŚLAOS AR NA SÍDE

ĆUAS AS LOC A DÚN
 D'ĤANAS ANH AR ĤEAD
 ĆUAS AS LOC A DÚN
 A CUIĤHEAMĤ AR MO ĤEAD
 ĆUAS AS LOC A DÚN
 BÍ AN ŚRIAN MAR ROĤ SA SPÉIR
 I SCROÍ LÁR NA SLÉIBTE
 ŚAN PÚTA ŚAOIĤ SAN AÉIR

ANSHAN ŚO ŚLEANN AN ÁRA
 TAOB ĤUAIĤ DE CHOC ĤREANNÁN
 ĤÍOS AS BÁR AN AILLE
 CLOISIS AN CRÓHÁN
 I RIĤ AN ÓICE DÓRĤA
 ĆUAS AMAĤ LE ĤÁIL
 ĤRAON UISCE Ó AN SRĤUĤAN
 BÍ TICIM ISTIŚ SAN UAIMĤ

I UAIMĤ MO ĆROÍ A BÍOS
 ROIMĤ TAISTEAL ANH ŚAN ĤÍOS
 AN TREO DOM SAOL A ĤOŚAD
 AC ĤONH DOM ŚAISC A ROŚAD
 D'ÉIS TRÍ LÁ ĤANAĤT ANH
 ĤEARTAIŚ MÉ É
 LAOĤRA DÚĤAIS NA HĤREND
 A ÁĤCRUĤÚ DON TÍR

ANSHAN DO LEANAS TURAS
 AR ĤUD AN CIARRAÍDE
 AS CAONAD DOS NA SÍDE
 AS LEANÚINT LE MO SUÍ
 ĤÁINIŚ SOILSE ŚEAL DOM
 I LÁR DO MO ĆROÍ
 AS CUIĤHEAMĤ AR MO ĆLANN
 'S TÓIRÍOCHT AN RÍDE

AMĤRÁN DO ACADAMĤ NA ŚLÉIBTE CIARRAÍDE

Secret Lover

Back again in Skibbereen we chat
 I was hoping to meet you
 I was yearning
 To tell you my news
 The fact that I have found
 The innocent boy
 Within myself he is there
 Smiling with joy
 Then last night we had such a beautiful chat
 True friends
 I won't mention your name
 But you know
 My secret dreams

for my Mystery Cat

On the Road

The beauty of this life you know
 You loose your way
 Then find it
 Strangers on the road
 Don't judge you
 They tell you of your inner beauty
 They like to meet you
 To greet you
 As a long lost friend
 A brother, or sister
 On the road to Heaven
 So get out there
 And do your thing
 Travel your own road
 Deep happiness it will surely bring

Mountain Grace

As I entered the village under Brandon
I look for the house I stayed in
Thirty nine years before
A lifetime but also
Just a fleeting glimpse

Time itself may have passed
A little older
No more a soldier
Not of the national army
But dreaming of a new army
Dreaming of a warrior
To once again bring Your plan
to fruition

The seeds were sown here
Seeds of knowledge
Nurtured by time
A carefully tended garden
I could now feel in my soul
I was becoming alive again
The darkness was lifting
As I looked up again
At his craggy face
Another great mountain
Full of Heavenly grace

for Mount Brandon

The God Calling from on High

A beautiful place
God's own space
The hostel under Brandon
Sit down and rest
Mary-Anne said to me
Don't be too hard
On yourself
Take life with ease
And the search will cease
Just stay a little while
Next door is a good spot too
Good food, good craic, good chat
'Twas here I met Tom
A man of Brandon
A real West Kerry welcome
Although we just met
We've known each other
For a thousand years
The tears melt from my soul
I feel at home
Under Crom's home

for Mary-Anne and Tom

Oileán Feasa

TAIR AMAĆ DON oileán
A DABDAIRT Connie liom
NÍOR bFACA muid éú le fADA
beid mé AMAĆ DON scÉALAIÓCT
AC beARTAIŞ mé TURAS nÍOS lÚ
ÁIT A aimsiú
FÍOS A SÚ

oo Connie

Daily Space

Out the back we daily track
The caves of our whole world
Daily decisions that we must make
Inspiring actions to take
Friends listen and chat
Never, not once, a spat
A virtuous space
A comfortable place
The Paragon of our dreams

for the Morning Philosophers

Knowledge Emerges

The warriors gather in the deep
Woods surround them
A glen lies deep within
Water thunders over the rock
A man emerges from the pool
Knowledge flowing
A stream of knowledge lost
Found again and remade
Recast in modern form
To storm the bastion of ignorance

for Mulinahassigh

God's Delight

A river flows from the source of power
A tower rises in the lake
Knowledge tumbles through the void
Bubbling bliss from nothing
Created with desire
The image of God
Smiling on his creation

Ḑún an Séad

Ḑanas an
 Ó báR an doman
 Don céad uair le mo bean
 An cailín alláin croí seadseireac
 A bíos posad leí
 Ansan nuair scair muid ón ar sceille
 D'fanas an ar dtús
 le dia searmánac
 Fear crioúil le táis suimiúl
 A cúg an-spéis ionam
 Anois táim tríd an baile san
 Ar an dtreo amac don Cléire
 Áit in a bfuil
 Seoiç na síde
 A séide i mo croí

oo Corsten

Anam Bán

Bíos éíos i gCiarráide ar feadh dá mhí
Ar siúil, ar ól is ar déanamh ceoil
As caint le cuile daoine
Baint tairneam as dá aoine
Anois ar bád as dúl go Cléire
Fonn caint faoin Sólúinne déanamh
Tá bád mo croí lán le spraoi
Tá m'anam úr seal bán

Searching the Sea

Who've you she smiles up at me
As we scan the sea
Searching for spouts
Signalling the presence of
Dolphins or whales
Unfortunately none appear
To greet and cheer
A young ladies important date
A day for candles to be blown
Seeds of joy sown
Eight lights to glint
In a smiling face

for Freya

A Journey For To Make

From Cape to Cape the birds do fly
Why do they chirp at me
I'm going to miss the sea
But I must wander free
Then on across the ocean
With brightening emotion
I'll travel where the cuckaburrough sings
But I shall not forget
The friends that I have met
On Ciarans island

for Mary-Anne

Holy Island

A morning light did soothe my brow
As I lay back down on Cléive
In again to feed my soul
On Ireland's freedom island

'Tis here I find a human kind
A fellowship of our race
With time to banter, time to chat
And friendliness display

A graceful living 's had out here
With nature all around
A glorious Heaven sent place
A welcome you'll find too

Fiseáin an Faid

Cé hé tú a dábairt bean liom
I ngorc seal an mbaile
'S mise brian an faid ar mé
le solas ionam croí
buaileas leí arís san óice
'S fear i dteannta í
páidriş é an fear sin leí
'S cuir sé caint roimh mé
A féadtar leat a siúil liomsa
So sean áit ear an tír
ba breá liom tairfeadh déanamh leat
A caint faoi fuinneamh seal
Ansan so dtí an gleann ríogda
Cuamar an le céille
'S mocháios criúir táis
Na cloca tuaidh loc Reas
'S comartaí an şrian
Soilse teadt istead im croí
Soilse ionam şaois
leiríocht eashaois an faid

Exposing Truth

Another beauty I do see
A perfect match for me
Graceful with a perfect back
I'd love to get her in the sack

To attack the bankers in their den
I need courage to say when
Expressing emotions deeply felt
Softening my heart my shyness melt

For honesty is a difficult thing
Tuning the bells of truth to ring
With soothing tone the daily chime
My hearts desire expressed in rhyme

Oileáin im Ćróí

Ó ċuaidġ mé aġġ i lár aġ saġġraġ
 Ćuaidġ mé aġġ aġ áit ðoġ spraoí
 Ćuaidġ mé aġġ i lár aġ saġġraġ
 Δ φαḡáċt leis ḡa síðe

Ćuas ar siúil ġo báR aġ oileáin
 Ćuas ar siúil aġ bóċar arð
 Ćuas ar siúil ġo báR aġ oileáin
 Δ leaġúinġ le mo ġuí

Δnois aġaċ taoġ ċall ðeġ taġðairġe
 Δnois aġaċ aġ ġríāġ sa spēir
 Δnois aġaċ taoġ ċall ðeġ taġðairġe
 Δ ḡoċú ġRÁ im ċróí

Ó ċuaidġ mé aġġ i lár aġ saġġraġ
 Ćuaidġ mé aġġ aġ áit ðoġ spraoí
 Ćuaidġ mé aġġ i lár aġ saġġraġ
 Δ φαḡáċt leis ḡa síðe

Δḡḡáġ to Oileáġ Ćléire

A Reason for Flight

I just saw the windhover
Soaring majestically
Heading towards the sun
Of a sky blue day

These words may not justify his flight
The ease with which he spreads his wings
A prayer in flight
My soul to delight

Foinse im Ćróí

Δ ζυί, Δ ζυί im lár mo Ćróí
Δ ζυί ..., Δ ζυί ...
Δ r̃hoćú fuinneadh, fuinneadh mín
Na síde ..., na síde ...
Δη aimsir ciúin Δς τελετ dom suí
Δη ζροί ..., Δη ζροί ...
Δnois τάim sάστα beic anseo
lá buí ..., lá buí ...
Δη ζrian Δ ταιτneadh suas san spéir
Δm laoiðe ..., Δm laoiðe ...
Foinse feasa aimsic dom
Foinse feasa aimsic dom

Áit Tosú DORD

τᾶ ἡ μβαν λαοῦ ᾶ τελεῖτ ἐυῖαμ
᾿Διῖνιῖ ἰαδ μέ ὄν ῖCionn ᾿MARA
ῖAoluihne ἰονταῦ ᾶcu
Fonn ᾶcu ᾿m'āmRāhAíoῦτ ᾶ cloisint
Ahois τᾶim cinnhte ῖo ḃfuilliḃ ᾶn τᾶm ceART
MAR τᾶim ᾶ ḃáil τAicíoῦτ ὄn ᾿DútoilreAῦτA
᾿Do ḃAḃA ᾶn beAḃAῦ ᾶ ḃí é
ᾶc τAηη TURAS ᾶR deireAḃ
ᾶῖus bóċAR ᾿hUA ᾶ ῖosAihῖ
bóċAR ᾿do croí ᾶ sprAoi

A Blanket of Knowledge

Around the tables, out the front
Trippers gather to feel
Silence surrounding all our hearts
The peace of our own soul
A man from Cork smiles at me
We share a little chat
A wishing well he gives
A respectful little pat
With words of grace, he takes his place
At our most joyous banquet
And remembers the knowledge we do have
A powerful cosy blanket

Winking Mills

Looking out on to the land
The fog does hide your form
Offensive structures built on high
Hiding our mythology
Why do the build them in such places
Destroying stories and graces
I long to see you rise again
And tell us your old stories
For dreamtime is a way to sing
And knowledge our fathers bring
So dissappear from out my vision
I say to you with much deision
There is no need for you at all
As energy costs will fall
You are a false hope
A new technology it will cope
Derived from knowledge new to you
But one I've found in mental stew
Now you're gone out from my mind
Thank you God, you are so kind

Dul don Ceoil

Ćiar óh Dainḡean ċuas ċall
 Lá an teit̃ is bíos mall
 Stopas ḡairið le fear na ḡcloċ
 A fearċaint ar a ḡaothar
 Níor d'fanas aḡḡ le tamall fada
 Mar d'éas a dreaċar aḡḡ lá roim̃ ré
 Moċáios uaiḡneas a teilḡeað ó
 'S déiriḡ mé ċun siúil

Do líos ċíos ar taob̃ an bóċar
 Noimeat sos a ċoḡaint
 Ćit mo campa aḡḡ bóċar
 Ac níor rinne mé dearmad

Isteac̃ i Ceann Trá liom aḡois
 A ċuim̃neam̃ cúrsa Samrad̃
 Níos mó na daiċeað blian roim̃ é
 Nuair bíos aḡa óḡ

Ćíos ar cúl an trá ċur mé
 Mo campa ina luí
 Áit le fanact̃ óiċe saor
 A feiċeam̃ leis an ceoil

The War of Computation

It started in the Levant that grey white place
 Where he was sent to quell the teeth of snarling dogs of war
 He joined a loyal family of soldiers one and all
 And donned the blue beret to answer peace's royal call
 For peace it is a subtle thing not just an absent war
 But life lived fully bursting with energy and law
 The laws of nature do contain intelligence beyond compare
 From top to bottom our universe to ensnare
 While doing his job out in the Leb he began to feel unease
 The UN's just a failure politicians to please
 While in the East he travelled to one divided island
 And saw a city split apart by one partitioned wall
 He picked up in a Russian shop a book on quantum physics
 And another one on geometry Lobachevsky's grand design
 He stayed out there for two whole weeks and with his love did travel
 High upon the mountain peaks and to loves most blue lagoon
 Then back again to a golden den to a city by the sea
 A city then divided by religious factionary
 He went at once to where he knew that he would find a friend
 Observors on a mission the rules of war to bend
 Then off they trotted round the town to denzines of the deep
 And drank more beer and chatted their spirits for to keep
 For spirits of a soldier are very subtle things
 Especially when he is there right in the middle
 What actions shall we take right now so as not to make it worse
 Far removed from all we learned to develop the situation
 How do we act so as to stop a conflict bubbling up
 You give us lead with our guns
 But bullets will not do
 Projectile motion is the start
 Of conflicts pure technology
 But where's the start of peace's source
 What is the source of knowledge
 These questions he did ponder while on a little wander
 To countries in that area now mostly torn to shreds
 Directly South he travelled on incongruence place to see
 A suburb of New York by the Sea of Gallilee
 Then over that notorious bridge he crossed a sacred river
 And down in to the desert go to see the rosy stones aglow
 Deep in a gorge he rode a mule and emerged with stunning view
 A rock made city in the hills wonder his heart fills
 Back again to city large he met an Irish face
 With the most beautiful steak he ever ate a pleasure in this place
 Then on up North he did go to follow Roman treasure
 A legion road bespoke with ancient peasure

On, on, again he went up to a heavily guarded spot
 Missiles pointing upward so to defend the sky
 Another city he did meet a friend he knew from home
 And out they went to walk the street some locals for to greet
 But this was a most frightening place
 And is more fearful now
 With global forces fighting
 A battle for the soul
 Do not be fooled by those that ruled
 They do not have the power
 To solve a conflict situation
 Their knowledge it's gone sour
 He knows
 But that was later
 So back again he came to base
 And did his final stint
 And lead his soldiers on back home
 And pondered
 And pondered
 And pondered
 A month of sick leave was his due
 To rest and heal his soul
 So down to Kerry with a rod
 And fishing he did go
 To fish for bass along the beach is God's most precious gift
 A healing balm, a healthy calm a vision in the mist
 A vision on the beach he saw a truly wetted shirt
 A pair of jugs did he behold
 Emotions stirred he had to hold
 His thoughts to check his mind
 But love did flow a little later from a lady oh! so kind
 Then back to work again he went and pondered his whole trip
 'Tis pointless having peacemakers with weapons in their grip
 It was the time of Greenham Common and nuclear war did loom
 And calls for peace did bound around to lift us from our gloom
 With politicians acting loud and saying that we must change
 He got a book, an accounting, of global suicide
 For that's the end if this starts off
 There's no other tale to tell
 We'll end the world and so regret our role
 Then deeply during all that time
 He thought of something else
 The physics of the quantum state
 The experiments double slit
 If we can change the laws of nature
 By pure intended thought
 Then we can stop a bubbling war
 We train a group of people to live their life so pure

That global peace and harmony for us they will ensure
 He found at last a mission a goal in life to chase
 A reason to be living a member of his race
 To do this job I will pursue all knowledge old and new
 And seek to find a source of peace, to honour our mankind
 For two more years he served and lead a faltering military life
 Questioning the doctrine which causes such a strife
 He always stood alone in this but had to keep it hidden
 For dissention in the officer corps brings attention most unbidden
 But then by circumstance untold events of interest did unfold
 He got a job to plan to become the information strategy man
 But to know and follow his staff duty
 He needed some more knowledge
 To find a mission for the Army a document wherein to defined
 Instead he found a letter
 Dated from his year of birth
 When Hungary lay in ruins
 War was coming
 So the leader of our nation dictated to his people
 Instructions for the preparation of
 War books
 A book for each department
 For each of fifteen seats
 To know what actions for to take
 When iron birds roam the sky
 But in the file he saw in there
 No action did they take
 They did not do their job at all and duty they forsake
 This was a criminal act treason of the highest kind
 And he took off to ponder
 What to do
 Down South of Cork he walked a while
 A beautiful cliff face view
 Seeking in himself
 The energy to act
 For he was scared most all the time
 He had deep thoughts he couldn't mime
 He could not hid emotion with jovial bright motion
 Back home again he did return to face a military band
 But after a while with typical style he was able to make a stand
 His father he did ask him to write down what he felt
 And slowly with a growing strength his anxiousness did melt
 It took a while but there was good
 His love returned to him
 And after dinner late one night
 He asked her to marry
 The clouds still lit the darkened shore
 But somehow life was brighter

Beginning now a life for two
 A whole new world to view
 Big changes in his life were made
 An opportunity arose
 From a commandant of engineers a question he did pose
 What is your plan to do right now where do you want to go
 There is a man that I know well
 Just go to him and talk
 In to the university he went and had a chat
 And low behold a new page opened simple just like that
 Return to academia and study once again
 Take up the path of knowledge
 In what was a fair good college
 His army life was over but still held on reserve
 A small pension helped him on his way his savings to conserve
 So then began a journey deep in to computation
 A science and skill that he developed with most determined will
 For six long years he toiled and blew
 The cobwebs from his head
 And developed notions deep emotions
 Of knowledge true and true
 But gradually there came a time he questioned all this too
 There's something wrong with education it's not working for our nation
 The research he did so complete and become a doctor too
 Now with a son and father gone he had to turn inside
 He pondered once again the role he had elected to do
 Then world events did intervene and force him to come clean
 I can no longer be part of this computational war
 No matter seeming small
 For I have made a pladge he said
 I pledged to find a way
 To use my knowledge for the good of all
 Let true peace have its day
 To ponder this and other things
 He travelled way down west
 And stayed a while in the Standing Stone
 And found a knowledge bone
 A source of knowledge he knew at once
 Was intimate to him
 A way to go beyond all things
 To feelings deep within
 Before he took the final first step
 He walked upon a hill
 He prayed for guidance in his way
 Luckily letting God have his say
 For God will give us all we need
 If we just listen to our heart
 Let Him arrange the universe we just do our part

A special day it was for him when he did learn to pray
 The purest form of prayer it is a mantra for to say
 Immediately he entered a realm hidden just below
 Daily considerations light up with softening glow
 His mind it cleared
 Immediately
 And friendliness did grow
 A chat was all it took to know
 That his dad approved
 A message from heaven is a rare and precious thing
 He could hear the angels sing
 So once again a new door opened
 A door to vedic knowledge
 Found in a place way down West Cork
 A place of stone knowledge
 Then some weeks later he had a chance
 To go and see it all
 To meet with experts in the field of conscious computation
 These were people who'd spent much time
 Deep, deep, in meditation
 And yet knew all there was to know of modern computation
 I want the knowledge that they have the realisation dawned
 And so began a new phase a knowledge search was spawned
 The college he did leave within a month or two
 And set upon his research
 With energy unending
 A year or two did then pass by
 When over in England he learned to fly
 He picked upon two little books on national computation
 Two little books which showed the way
 To smile in a mathematical play
 And lift the deadly fear which gives rise to many a tear
 Again he sat and did his sums
 Being seven once again
 And slowly felt the arrogance of academic ignorance thaw
 Some more time passed with study some time with research too
 When once again there was a chance deep knowledge to imbue
 A full moon day does always play a homage to the master
 And once a year it's very clear
 To all who hold him dear
 That we must gather and share the joy
 Light a candle, ring a bell
 And wait for knowledge he will tell
 At such a time it did chime
 And awaken in his soul
 A glowing blissful feeling
 Full armed with this he returned again to his beloved nation
 And sought a way to once again develop computation

With guidance from a special place the chance arose to grow
 And spend some time in life sublime deep with those who know
 A college in the shire of Bedford was such a towering place
 Full of beautiful people a credit to our race
 They worked on visual forms to show
 How knowledge does emerge
 From deep within a field complete
 A diversity to bring
 For all is one and one is all
 That is the truth absolute
 All perceptions reveal God's plan
 For we are God's eyes his most precious toy
 And though diverse opinions there seem to be
 When consciousness is united
 All dissolves into the sea
 Of pure knowledge
 Knowing this
 Knowing a way to resolve the computational war
 He began to move again
 To return and set it up in his own country
 He was also armed with a desire
 To remove the rust from his native tongue
 At the beginning of a new school year intentions were made clear
 To once again arrange a curriculum to change
 The fundamental aspect of basic education
 A radio announcement made clear by its pronouncement
 That an opportunity was brightening the sky
 So after a quick call to a friend with knowledge all
 Right in the city centre he did fly
 A cup of coffee later for he was no debater
 The project Simple Sums it took it's form
 A simple thing to start and he to do his part
 And resolve the current difficulties that arose
 When children do not learn the friends that they can make
 With numbers and the processes of play
 When all is far to serious
 To certain not mysterious
 And boredom sets the smiling lips to frown
 This is the fallacy of modern education
 Engender fear rather than love
 Force the mind rather than encourage it from above
 Convince them that they are wrong
 Rather than enlivening the song of superfluid flow
 Sow the seeds of ignorance
 This is the avowed policy of our Department of Ignorance
 So for six long months he talked to show
 The way arithmetic should go
 Then as arranged he met inspectors two

And presented his perspective on the zoo
 Of numbers and techniques
 The keys to opening bright eyes
 And thus began a battle with forces of conservation
 Ignorance personified in form
 To change was not their way
 Let judgement have its say
 We hold the reigns of power and you we will devour
 So go away and leave us all alone
 But he did hold his fire and from the field retire
 To plan a long term strategy for his force
 For though they numbered few with open minds they knew
 Their energy would flow into the world
 And recreate a state
 Of educational grace
 The technology was there now
 To create electronic books
 And lift ignorance from their looks
 But funding was a problem
 A problem to be resolved
 And so a third member of the team was so encouraged
 A man of business knowledge
 Who could guide and support
 The endeavour to resolve the growing crisis
 It was plain for all to see
 That then current powers that be
 Were completely ignorant of the damage
 They were inflicting on
 Computational education
 Small minds grew weeds in the garden of knowledge
 Aided by those in university college
 The arrogance of academia spread out and multiplied like cancer
 With no apparent cure
 He had it
 But he could only bring a horse to water
 Also at this time another path did chime
 A feeling of great knowledge in his heart
 He began to learn again
 His beloved native tongue
 And quickly did festoon himself with joy
 He developed a technique
 To give a real quick peek
 At physics deepest secrets in a way
 That made a way unique
 To use his native sounds
 And conjure quantum knowledge love abounds
 It opened a new era for exploration and research
 A really new endeavour to explore

He was happy with his progress
 And settled in for the long haul
 A new millenium was dawning
 He worked and talked and demonstrated
 Animations from his mind
 To create a way to knowledge new of kind
 But still the blinkered mind of those who had the power
 Turned well intended actions stale and sour
 Ego's born of arrogance
 Belittled all his efforts
 But he had strength of character to endure
 He knew there'd come a time when he'd express in rhyme
 The thoughts that kept him going in the night
 And he would challenge them
 Those cowards of knowledge
 To come out and so debate the truth of all
 A challenge he did issue to academic council
 But they hid behind their professorial garb
 He fired off a shot just a tiny little barb
 And it hit the nail right on it's ugly head
 He'd frightened them he knew
 To get off their arrogant chairs
 To give up their haughty airs
 And open themselves up to simplicity
 For complexity's just a state
 Of a fragmented mind
 One that's clearly not in touch with true reality
 For underlying it all
 Is a simple simple find
 A single source of all that knowledge flows
 Diverse it may appear
 When vision is unclear
 But knowledge is the truest source of all
 The purest source of knowledge, allows
 Simplicity and complexity to co-exist
 Unity and diversity to cohabit the same awareness
 So on the battle raged
 But he did get support
 From those who weren't blinkered by their jobs
 Opportunities arose, to find a peaceful place,
 and talk about his thoughts, with charm and grace
 Rare they were at times
 But fun was had by all
 When he cleared the smoke and pall, of education
 Some could clearly see
 His bountiful simplicity
 The value it would give to one and all
 But others chose to hide, in cavern deep and wide

Preferring to ignore his little light
 From a great height, he proclaimed his intentions
 To banish ignorance once and for all
 A job not to tall
 For a hero
 A true warrior of knowledge
 Now he sits alone
 Waiting for to start
 A plan of action fermented for long time
 The challenges that he met did not weaken him
 He has renewed his strength
 And knows that now's the time to bring it out
 The talks of computation and global information
 And problems he predicted years before
 In a letter to that minister
 When Simple Sums began
 And he warned of the folly of their plan
 For he could see the future
 Just like his dad before
 Who predicted war to come from out the tunnel
 He was a soldier too and knew that it was true
 That pure knowledge, pure light, the pure energy
 of tachyon based mental computation
 Could unfold the peace of heaven

AR TÓIR DÚDAIREAMHÁIOCT DOGALTA

TOSHAIS É ARN LÁ A CUAS DON AGALLAMH
 DALTA MAR OIFIGEAC SAN AIRM
 CUIR DUINE DE NA HOIFIGÍ CEIST ORM
 CÉN CAOÍ A BFUIL SPÉIS AGAT
 EOLAÍOCT
 D'FREAGAR MÉ AN TABACHT A BÍ SAN EOLAS
 COMHCEANGAL IDIR EOLAS IS AN COSAD
 FORBART I DTREÓ AMÁIN
 FORBART I DTREÓ EILE
 IN NASC EACARCA LE CÉILE
 ANSAN NUAIR A CUAS ISTEAC SAN AIRM
 BÍOS A LEAMH IRISLEABAR EOLAÍOCTA
 A FÉACAINTE AR NA REALT
 DOM OIDIÚ FAOI NA TEOIRIC
 NUAEOLAÍOCT DON AIMSIR SAN AIMSÍÚ
 SHAC MÍ A BFULIRIS CÓPI DO SMAOINTÍ EILE
 MO MEOIN A LEACNÚ AMAC SO FAIRSING
 A MUINEAD É DOM FÉIN
 IS A BREACNÚ AN RÉAD
 RÉAD AN EOLAS MÓR A BÍ SAN SAOL
 ANSAN DO CUAS EALL DO OLLSGOIL SHAILLIM
 IS TOSHAÍOS DOM CÉIM É A DÉANAMH
 STAIDÉIR DEIMHIN IS STAIDÉIR ÁRD
 LE DREAM DE MACLEINN IONTAC
 I MO CEANNETA
 MISE LE MO CAIPÍN IS CULAICE EADAIŞ MÍLEATA
 'S IAD LE SHUAIS A TITIM AR A SHUALAINN
 DO LEANAS ANH MAR CARAD
 DON FAD A BÍOMAR ANH
 AG CAINT FAOI AN TEOLAS BÍOMAR LÉAMH
 AG DEIREAD ÉIOR AN CÚRSA
 BÍOS BEAGNAC IM AONAR
 AN DUINE BÍ DLÚC DÍLIS DON TÓIR
 SAN BLIAN AB DEIRINÍ
 BÍ LEACHT AGAM IM AONAR
 SAN MAITEAMATIC FÍSICE IS MÓ
 AC BAINIS ANA TAICTHEAMH
 AS NA HABAR BÍ CUR ROMAM
 IS DÉIRIS MÉ DOM CÉIM A BAINTE AMAC
 ANSAN D'FILLEAS 'RÁIS
 DON AIRM É I SCART
 CUN DUALSAS DOM DAONRA É A DÉANAMH
 CUAS AR BÁR ÁR DTÍR
 D'FANAS ANH LE BLIAN
 I DÚN NA HSHALL BÍOS ANH

Δεάναμ obair mileata
 Δε cosaint an dtír
 Ó acrahn bí cart an líne
 blían an spraiúil le obair criúil
 Δ cosaint síodcháin an stáit
 Δc bí fonn asam filleadh
 Ar ais an tóir
 Eolas Δ bí istig im croí
 Agus cuais mé teas
 Do shilleam lán le meas
 Beart don blían úr é pleanáil
 le comairle ó m'ollam
 D'fuaras treoir eile
 Staidéir Δ leathúint san acadaim
 Cuas do mbleá Cliaic Δ d'iomparis mé ansin
 Cúh tuas Δ cur le staidéir i trionóide
 Cúrsa taisde shaiscíocht is aireamháiocht le céile
 Is ríomhaireacht i dteannta leo
 Ansan do choshaíos an tóir ab cóir dom saol
 An tóir Δ bí im croí ar faoið mo mhaireacht
 Óice iontaic an
 Is mise é le fonn
 Faisnéis teicneolaíochta é Δ fošlam
 D'fhanas an ar fad óice sin go léir
 I domhan eile aic shan don treoir
 Δc leas na leabair
 Agus déirig é dom spréas
 Fuinneamh nua im lár dom anam
 Mocháios mé é
 Agus leanas leis an plé
 Ábair nua deacair
 Dom féin
 Bíos bróid beic an
 San coláiste sin samhail
 Δs léam is Δ déanamh mór staidéir
 'S déirig mé dom taisde
 É Δ críochú
 Is dreapað an céim Δ bainic amac
 Ar ais arís don airm
 Mar oifigeac taisceadh
 D'bainis sult óh tām Δ bíos
 lár i Inse Cóir
 Na hóice cuas an don tabairne
 Iontaic Ó Rían
 Áic Δ raib mé bailcisi don píob
 Buailas le mo carað
 Seánán ab ainm dó
 'S buailas leis an cailín Δ bíos le posadh

Isteac san ullord bíos
 An draíocht tarraingt liom
 Is í a feiceamh cun ár deacrt
 Cúin deoic a bualað linn
 Ar feadh dá blian d'fanas ann
 'S spraoí a leiriú lár dom ceann
 A déanamh beazán tuisde
 A déanamh beazán ól
 Ó bun an gloinne tashanné
 Spré
 Spríouil eolas criúil
 Ansan do ceas cuas an tír
 Cuas do Dún Dealgan
 Deireadh seachtaine iontaic
 le Connie ó Tiobraid Áireann
 Tar amac do deoic
 A daibairt sé linn
 'S muid a fanaic leis
 Ar deireadh an oíche, oíche iontaic
 Bí na síde linn
 Trí oifigeac airm an tír
 Is dá réid buacailí
 Ar méis i lár na hóiche
 Shan putá smaoineamh eadarcú
 Ansan do bozas ann
 Achrú eile dom saol
 As obair ar an líne
 Arís
 Bíos ann ar feadh dá blian
 Blián iontaic trína céile
 Áit a múineadh domsa
 An airm beic i sceart
 Cuas ear sáille ón áit sin
 Scéal tá insint dom ríomh
 Agus cíos don mbleá a cuais
 Mé ann do Árd Ceacrú don Airm
 Níor breá liom an áit sin
 Mar bí sé scoilte díreac
 Daoine caint faoi truaillac
 Shan eolas in a ceann
 D'éirigh mé as ar feadh trí lá
 Cum ceann a cur le céile
 I gcion tsáile a bíos ann
 Na haill a cur cun féille
 Ansan ar ais don airm
 Cúin feadaint cad a earla
 M'adar insint dom caicfid mé a filleadh
 Ar bórd an treain don mbleá

Δ cuiñneam̃ ar mo tóir
 D'éiríḡ fuinneam̃ ionnamsa
 Mo bealać féin
 Isteać don áit Δ tsoḡaíos
 Don tóir
 Tá cuille seo den scéalaḡam fós
 Agus aicrim é lá éigin
 Ać tá puinṡe ar an mbórd aḡam
 Agus caicfiḡ mé imeaćt

Soul Mary

Last night I talked with once again
 A lady of much craic
 A lady rich with native tongue
 With laughter bursting through
 I'll walk with you way out west
 Dont start to early we need a rest
 You're on you way, your own way
 A pilgrimage to make
 Your soul to remake

for Mary

Féile Ceiliurad Páidí

Toshaíonn é leis An Cuileann
Port a bíos a feiceam leis
Bliahta a bí fonn orm é clois
Ansan éios i Tis páidí
Bí sé ann
Ceoil draoictúil na síde
A sú isteach im croí
A cur m'annam i suí
Leah óice iontach ceoil
Fleadh páidí

oo páirí Ó Sé

A Simple Session

You'll have a cup of tea
Mark said as I passed
Down the road
Simple talk, greetings
We knew each other
But not well
Then over a cuppa we chatted
Talk of meditation
Talk of Wales
Simple tales of two lives
Then a few poems
Two poets sharing
A simple life

Siúil mo bÓčAR

Siúil mo bÓčAR AR an oileán
Siúil an cosán i dtreo an neamh
Siúil mo bÓčAR AR an oileán
'S mise i dtéannata leat

Teiṣ amác AR bAR an fáille
Teiṣ amác is feácaint AR
Teiṣ amác AR bAR an fáille
'S cífið tú an dúin

Ós do comáir beid raðairc alainn
Ós do comáir an baidín beas
Ós do comáir beid raðairc alainn
An farraise i sciúin

Siúil mo bÓčAR AR an oileán
Teiṣ amác AR bAR an fáille
Ós do comáir beid raðairc alainn
A feácaint AR an neamh

Amrán ó Naomh Ciarán

ṪAR Ceann Sléibhe

Amác ó ṡCionn Ṫrá aṡois
An bóṫAR lán le ṫRáṫ
An fARRAIGE ciúin ṡan púṫA ṡAOIṫ
Ṫíos ṡo Cuimín Eoil le hAṡAIḏ snám
NA ṫONṢṫA LAIDIR A BRISEADḏ
PÁISTÍ A ṡAIRE leo
Uisce ṡo breÁ beo

ṪUAS aṡsan ṡo Ceann Dún Mór
Ṫine A lASADḏ dom ṡuí
A fEADAIṢṫ AMÁC ARṢ Oileán Mór
Ṫíos ṡo Ṫiṡ KRUGERS
CAIṢṫ deoṫ is CAIDEREÍL
ṪEALLAIS óṢ CEANṫAR A MAṡADḏ iAD féin
CAIṢṫ FAOI VEIST AN ṫOR
ṡEADRÁN DOS NA ṡARDAÍ is iAD A ṡAIRE FAOI

Óiṫe ciúin is mé im aONAR
Ṫuile immiṫe aṡois
SCAMALL ṫUAS san spéir
A éAIṢṫ dom éROI
A bḡuillib na síde

Food from Heaven

The beauty of truth
Is that it never hides it's face
There is no shame
Nothing is left to chance
It gives us a feeling of certainty
A little bliss felt in the heart
A soft glow of reality
A nurturing impulse of life
A blessed gift to the soul

Oileán DRAOÍ

Ćíos don cailleadh moć eirí
ĆAR bÁR aill cosán aird
Easla faoi a leactadh uaim
Fanaćt leis an mbád

Cleactadh miúin i lár an ciúin
Ćíos faoi bun na cloća
Teact na ndaoine ćíos an cosán
Tuairiseoirí don lá
Ślaoć orm a bfuil tú réid
Fear a buaileas ar i śCeann Ćrá
Na bac le ticéadh a dađairt sé
ĆAR liom amac don oileán

Amac ansan ar bÁR an fARRAġe
Amac ó cé Dún Ćaoín
TURAS śairid aimsir breá
Mé a filleadh do oileán m'anam

Níos mó na troća blian dom śaol
Ó suileas siar an bóćar ślas
Śaoić śo laidir séideadh istead
Is cuimġin liom óġe draoićtiúil

Teallaiḡ na ḡCuairc

Tráchnoná doibeanh amác óh bpub
 Bean uasal a suí a léamh an nuachtán
 Babóḡ san caráiste faoi focán
 Toshaíomar comrá
 Isteac amác beaḡán ḡiob ḡeab
 A fear fillte ar ais le babóḡ níos lú
 As lúḡ a bí an fear
 As loc ḡorman an teallaiḡ
 Caint a sú eadrainh
 Caint breá
 Lá breá
 Cairedeas na ḡCléire

My Island

I'm back again
A little bit older
Much more travelled
But I'm back
What a story I have to tell you
I've been trying to get here
For quiet a while
I had hoped to bring the book with me
But I'll have to do, I embody the book
An island that likes books
Three very famous came from here
One I listened to, gave me back your language
Now as I walk your hills
You fill me with grammar
You fill me with knowledge
You fill me with the desire
To be me

Davos Silence

At Davos you said what you said
The papers were full of comments
The usual mumbled jumbled grumble
There is no proper commentary anymore
The fourth estate is both deaf and dumb
Articulating ideas designed to sell advertising
No-one noticed the reverend mother from Denmark
Oh! you will do as your told
I'm the president of the European Union
I pointed my finger at the television
We got rid of ye once before
We'll do it again
Maybe the year after next
When we'll celebrate the one
 thousanth anniversary
That Ireland was last succesfully
 defended from invasion

Rabbiting On

The minister appears on the box
Articulating a position prepared
By a civil flunky
Ok! we will find a way to make
 everyone pay
For free speech
Well minister you should know, that
Freedom of speech is guaranteed
Under our constitution
And may not be curtailed
Move so freedom of expression
That freedom is my personal property
And you want to privatise it
Give it away to private corporations
To pay for their mismanagement
You are supposed to represent
The people of this nation
If you can't
Go away and get yourself a
 proper job

Ταῖςδε Δεῖμιν

Δ'εἰρις μέ ἀσ ἀη αἶρμ
 ἔε φων ὀρμ αἰρεῖται ὅτ' αὖ ληνιῦντ
 ὅα εὐιδ δὸμ ἐροί ἐ
 Ἀ βῆντ σπρᾶοί ἀσ
 Ἀς ἰμῖρτ ἰὸμ ῖνεοῖν
 Ἐσσηαῖος Ἀ δέληαῖν ταῖςδε
 Φᾶοι αἰρεῖται ὅτ' αὖ εὐρ ἰ βῆειδμ
 Στῆναιεᾶτ ἀη σῖλλατ
 ὅα ταῦτατ ἐ ἰ βῆφορβᾶρτ αἰρεῖται ὅτ' ἐ σῖσε
 Δ'εἰριος μαρ σῆνεολαί κοῖται αἰρεῖται
 Ἀβᾶρ σπεσιῦιλ, Ἀβᾶρ μῖν, Ἀβᾶρ σῖρην
 Δ'εἰς σέ μῖ εὐς εὐρεᾶδ δὸμ
 ληνιῦντ ὅο δὲτῖ εἰμ ῆος αἶρδε
 ὅι ἀη βελλατ εὐῖς σῖν εὐῖς ἰς φᾶρσῖν
 βελλατ ὅο δεῖμιν ἰστις ὅο ῖνεοῖν
 ἡα φᾶτατ Ἀ ἐλῆναις ροῖμῖς
 Οἶε ἀμῆν ἐᾶρλα ρυδ δῖρᾶοῖιλ δὸμ
 ὅι ἐλᾶρ ροῖται εᾶτ ἂ ρῖτ
 Ἀς ὅς ἂν ὀρμ φεῖτεᾶν νοῖμεᾶτ ἀμῆν
 δὸς ἡα τορῆαί
 ὅι σῖαδ Ἀ τεᾶτ ἀματ ὅο μᾶλλ
 νοῖμεᾶτ ἰν δῖαδ νοῖμεᾶτ
 Δ'φᾶνᾶς ἀη ἀρ φεᾶδ υἱᾶρ
 Ἀ φεᾶτᾶντ ἀρ ἡα τορῆαί
 Δ'εἰς τᾶμᾶλλ βῖος ἰν ἀη
 ἡα ἡυῖνρεᾶτᾶ Ἀ φεᾶτᾶντ
 ἰν ῖνεοῖν ροῖμ ῖν
 ὅιος ἰστις ἰ ἐλᾶρ ταῖβσεᾶοτ
 ἀη ἰνεᾶλλ ροῖται εᾶτᾶ
 ὅα ἰοντατ ἀη ῖνοῦ ἰν ἐροί φᾶοι
 ἐᾶρλα ρυδ εἰλε φῖρῖν
 ὅιος ἀς ὀβᾶρ ὅο δῖαν ἀρ Ἀβᾶρ δεᾶτᾶρ
 ἀρ φεᾶδ σέ μῖ ἡῖ ρᾶβᾶς ἰν ἀη
 ἀον φορβᾶρτ
 Ἀνσᾶν ἐλῖνῖς ἐ δὸμ
 ἀη βεᾶτατ ἀβ φεᾶρρ Ἀ ἐσῖνᾶντ
 εὐᾶρ βότᾶρ ἐᾶρ ἀη δεᾶτᾶτ
 σᾶῖσεᾶς σολᾶς Ἀ ἐᾶρλα ἰν ῖνεοῖν
 λῖς ἐλῖνῖς ἀη σολῖεῖρεᾶτ, ὅο ρᾶἰβ
 εὐἰλε σᾶν ρεᾶδ
 εὐῖτᾶἰτε ἀς σᾶοῖς
 Δ'αἰτῖνῖς μέ μεῖν Δέ
 τῖνῖς ταῖςδε δεῖμιν εὐλαῖοτᾶ
 ὅα ἰοντατ ἡα λᾶετᾶντᾶ σῖν
 φῖρῖν βῖος ἂ μῖνεᾶδ

Cúrsa le haghaidh macleinn
 inealltóireacht is eolaíocht
 Maslam uimhriocht, fisic, is
 aireamhaíocht
 D'aicníos go raib locht mór san scorás
 oideachais
 D'éis níos mó na cúis blian déas
 Ní raib na macleinn in agh
 A meoin a usáid, ac i dtreo agh díreac
 Bíodar meirgeac
 San féidireacht comartaí nua a glacadh
 Bí easla orcu saisc a déanamh
 nac raib i sceart
 Ac níl aon cirt agh
 Níl aon mícirt
 Níl ac féidireacht
 Macaire na huile féidireachtaí
 Sin atá a stiúir an cruinne
 Sin atá mar rí don réad
 Ó sin a tashann léiríocht easníocta
 Freisin is tabtacht na bfoail
 A usáidtear chun ceapanna a coinnib
 Níl aon rud nua sa saol
 Tá sac ní toradh de freamh éigin
 Freamh saois na cruinne
 Bliann bíos a leamh leabhar ionta
 Faoi líneoireacht ó taob deis den intinn
 D'aimsigh mé nasc idir ríocht diultac
 Is
 Easpa cirt san mod uimhriocta
 Ba ar an nasc sin an leacht ab fearr uaim
 Čáiniš é om croí féin čáiniš é om agham
 Bí an seomra a biomar agh lán le ciúin
 Močaios surb sin an slí eolas a lasadh
 i croí daltaí
 Ní hé le sac rud a cur leo go díreac
 Čaičfiðmuid dúil a cur leo
 A dtreo féin a glacadh
 Ar an cosán ar ais
 go dtí mo seomra féin
 Bí aingeal a damhsa ar deis m'intinn
 A siúil čart bear an coláiste
 Čáiniš diaibail istiš orm clé
 Bí troid eacartu
 Níor buaidh ceann dóib,
 níor šortaiod iad
 Ac dob sin freamh an beallac a čogas
 ina dia

Ar ais im oifis bí sé soiléir domsa
 Go raib an oideachais á teipeadh na scoilearaí
 Ó bun go barr
 Bí locht ann
 Ní raib an freasra a sham ansan
 Ac éaliniš é liom tar éis an tóir a leaniúint
 Istiž im croid tál foinse feasa
 Tobar na haillise
 Áit teibí, taibsí, draoičtí
 Conas treoir a cōsaint do daoine
 oise sin a aimsiú id féin
 Sin an ceist a bios á plé
 Cuireas deireadh liom taisde
 Agus déiriž mé as an ollscoil
 Ní rabadar réid éist liom
 Bí na macleinn ac ní raib an foireann
 Ar deireadh tair éall caičfiđ muid go léir
 ár mbeallac féin a glacad
 Tāmuid i ár lonar sa saol
 len ár dreac̃t féin
 len ár moctú féin
 len ár smaintí féin
 Sin an domhan pearsanta
 Freisin tál domhan eile
 Domhan uilioc a féidctir linn roinnt
 Agus is cun slí sin a fáil a cuas
 Fuair eas an céad eocar d'sin san Caisc
 Fios mín d'éis fisean a feacaint
 Eolaí a caint faoi an teorric is deiriní sa b̃fisc
 An cōngsol idir na cōmarc̃aí teibí a usáidtear cun
 Meoin an cruac̃tóir a tuiscint
 Agus na daičead cáil dúc̃saois
 Caitinneas mar a deirim anois
 leann an tóir sin fíche blian
 Agus scéal iontač é
 lomráin seol go croílár eolas
 trí saíočt
 Saíočt na veidí as an Inđ
 Saíočt na heolaí nua-aimsearč̃a
 'S saíočt ár ndúcais féin
 leannfaiđ mé leis d'éis mo dinéar
 Caičfiđ mé greim bia a cur im bolg
 'S siúil beas dom cos

Ταΐςδε ι 5Cαϊτεαννας

Roimis dom ealú as an ollscoil
 Agus mo bealać fēin a 5lacad
 Ćarla cúpla íontać speisiúil
 San ollscoil bí duine de
 na comarsan bí asam
 As an breacan b̃is ó dúcas
 Dabairt sé liom b̃féidir
 blian 5o leić roim̃ mé ealú
 5o raib̃ féidiread̃c an
 Míse dul 5o dtí cruinniú éisin eoláí
 Agus 5o 5eobaib̃ mé deontas ón 5colláiste roime
 Ćuas ar an ríomaire as lorg̃ faisnéis
 Agus fuaireas amac̃ 5o raib̃
 Cruinniú eoláí le beic̃ san Eilbéis
 i rić an samrad̃ a bí le tead̃c
 Dob é cúrsa samrad̃ i 5comair
 Eoláí fisice comaiream̃aíoc̃ta é
 Ćuas 5o dtí lausanne agus ansan
 suas na sléib̃te 5o dtí tearmann
 Bí eoláí as cúile áit san Eorpać
 Agus beirt as na Stataí Aontaiće
 Bí an spóir asainñ á plé i rić an lae
 San oíce bí an spóirt asainñ
 a déanam̃ caint̃
 le cabair ó b̃fionñ Dé
 Buailias le dream as an
 ísealcír, on príom̃ caćair
 D'éirimuid an cairdiúil
 Freisin bí fear iontać ón b̃fionlann
 Dabairt sé sur léis̃ sé na nuad̃t̃ain 5ac̃ lá
 Bí sé as obair i áit an teibí san b̃físic
 Agus sur tabad̃c 5an é fēin a caillead̃ an
 Is breá cuim̃neam̃ faoid̃
 Lá am̃áin i rić caife bíos i 5comrá
 le eoláí ón Dainmear5
 Saineoláí aimsearća ab é
 I rić ar 5comrá dabairt sé liom
 5o raib̃ fonñ aise anord̃ a cloisint̃
 leanam̃ ar a5aib̃ leis ar 5comrá
 Oíce eile bíos amac̃ ar 5cúl
 an foir5neam̃ a caint̃
 le dream eile
 Ćosnaíos a caint̃ faoiñ ac̃ranñ i ar dtír
 agus 5o raib̃ muid̃ a lorg̃
 cabair é a reiciú

Dob í bean as Sasanna an t-aon duine
 a cuis cad bí á rá ašam
 Ní raib suim as na daoine eile Eorpac faoi
 Agus níl suim acu fós ann
 Ar mo slí abaille d'fanas
 óice amháin i Lausanne
 Fuair eas lóistín don óice i oclann beas
 Agus cuas amac do béill ó Meicico
 béille iontaç a cur spraoí im croí
 D'filleas ar ais dom lóistín
 agus rinneas iarraçt dul a colað
 Bí m'intinn lán le smaintí
 Bí é spreasça d'éis an cruinniú
 Cosnaíos a scríob agus
 i riç an óice
 scríos dá céad leaçnac
 i leabharann a bí ašam
 Nuair a cáiniš mé ar ais go Corcais
 cuireas an leabharann i scófra im oifis
 Bí é ann ar feað trí mí
 Lá bios a suí as an mbórd
 Agus caic mé an leabharann istis
 san bosca truailleac bí ašam
 Dabairc mé liom féin go raib
 an méid smaintí ansin
 nac mbeid mé in ann
 iad a cur i scríç
 da mbéad
 saol míle blian ašam.

Tá mé taréis an-caint le Meadb Dhanríon na sConnac agus bí sí a cur ceist orm
 faoi na níçe a bios a scríob faoi i riç an lae. Tá sé as eirí beasán dorcað anois cun
 beic scríob dá brí caicfid mé briseað anseo agus leaníuint arís le solas an lae.

Roim sin nuair a caic mé an leabharann uaim, cáiniš féileçáin im croí agus cuimneas
 ar dúil an eolaí ón Dainmearas agus bí mór cuiscint ašam faoi. Ba sin slí cun leiriú a
 déanam ar rioçt iolcomas, na criçir acur le céille i bfuaim amháin. Dabairc mé liom
 féin surb sin treo nua cun caisde 's forbairc a déanam mar níor rabas sásta beic
 páirteac san caisde a bí a déanam ašam. Bí baint aise le fórsaí mileata na Stáití
 Aontaiçe agus ceapas go mbriseann obar mar sin neodraçt ár dtír.

leanfaið mé ar ašaið leis mo scéal níos deanaí.

I riç an blian in a diað çarla ruð eile suimiúil dom. Sin lá amháin bios á déanam leaçt
 ar ruð éigin dos na micléinn eolaí is inealltóirí, dearas ciorcail an clárduð le cailc
 bán, cuireas ponc díreac in a lár agus le sin çualas orn scúl, suç éigin, 'you know
 notin.' Ceapas ar dtús surb duine de na micléinn a dabairc é ac ní raib dreacç
 sáireac ar éinne. Dob mé féin a bí a caint liom féin é. D'aiçniš mé an firreanas. Ní

raib mé ac as imirt an cleas a bí á déanamh as sacl duine san scóras. As léamh rud i leabhair, a cur faoi bhráid é dos na daltaí, iad a scrí síos é ina leabaireann agus a scrí ar ais é sna teastas. Bíomar go léir seallta. Chaill mé go léir creideamh san oideachais agus beartaigh mé eirí as. Bí orm slí a d'fáil cun mo taighde féin a déanamh agus i riú sáoire na Cásca chas síos cun Scoil Múire i Iarthar Corcaí cun roinnt scríobhneoireacht a déanamh ar mo smaointí faoi usáid fuaimeanna san eolaíocht cun leiriú gluaiseacht a aimsiú. Bí sé an-léir dom go raib meoin an eolaí an tabaíocht mar caiteadh é beic oillte i slí nua. Chas síos go dtí Scoil Múire mar ba breá liom ainm an lóistín, sin i mBéarla, *The Standing Stone*. Do dtomáin páidrisín síos mé agus cur an bean a tí failtiú romam. Cur sí ceist orm cad ina taob a raib mé ann. D'freaas mé surb cun roinnt scríobhneoireacht a déanamh. 'An scríobhneoir tú.' a dábairt sí liom. 'Ní hea,' arsa mise, 'is eolaí mé.' Ba sin tosú cinn de na cairreadas is tabaíochtaí im saol.

Táim le briseadh eile a cósaint mar táim i bpub tár éis cúpla agus ní breá liom scríob d'éis portar. Tá sé in am beasán Siob Seab a déanamh.

I riú an seachtain sin bí morán comrá asam le Mair agus ba é sin an suimiúil faoi ná níor cuig mé as an am cén facl go raib an méid eolas aici faoi fisic nua-aimseartha. Bí sí in ann caint liom faoi na h-abar a bíos a déanamh staidéir iontú. Ar an Deirdean den seachtaine dábairt sí liom go mbreá léi fisean a taispeant dom le eolaí fisice ón staití diontaíche. D'éis an fisean cuig mé surb múinteoir corás miúin í. Ar an doine chas ar siúil ear sliab gabriel á plé liom féin an eolas a bfuair mé ó Mair. Ar deireadh ear call dábairt mé liom féin surb é an firreanas is mó sa cruinne nó an breas is mó sa cruinne agus go scaitfid mé fáil amac cé hé. Síos ón slíab dábairt mé le Mair surb maic liom an corás miúin a fošlam, ac nac raib mo dochar airsead asam. Dábairt sí nac raib don faidb le sin agus go mbeuimid in ann sin a reiciú níos deanaí. Dúirt sí go raib céimeanna san mód múineadh, sin caint beas ar dtús, in a diaid sin má raib mé sasta leaniúint leis, an muineadh féin agus d'éis trí lá caint beas eile cun a fáil amac go raib mé sasta le cleactadh an miúin. Rinne sí an céad caint ar an Saearn, ní cuimean mé é ac bíos lán sasta leaniúint. Chas suas cun an sráid baile le hasaíd torcaí is blača a fáil i scothar an muineadh. Ar maidin Domhac na Cáisc miúin Mair cleactadh a miúin dom díreac as haon a clog san maidin is muid a feácaint amac fuinneos a tís amac go Oileáin Cléire. Chas istead díreac iomam féin agus ba an soiléir dom surb fíos an speisiúil é. Cúpla lá indiaid scríos dān léi. Tá sé caillte anois ac ar deireadh de bí na línte

On opening the door I stepped through infinity
You showed me that first step

Bain sí móran sult as mar dábairt sí liom go raib a dearear ina file freisin.

le criochnú